

I still have patience, although the heart sometimes grows lonely with longing to see my loved ones; then I cry out, "O Lord, how long, how long!" I am so happy to know that I do not rebel or question; I know that He doeth all things well. Can I not be strong under these conditions?"

The visitor, touched, and recalling some trivial incidents which the invalid had mentioned, said, "I am glad that you can be so interested in other people's affairs."

"Why shouldn't I be?" she replied. "For my part, I never could see how it is that some people make such recluses of themselves!"

How a Dog Sends a Little Chinese to School.

(A. M. M., in the 'Morning Star'.)

Max, the Boston Y. W. C. A. dog, the same one who calls the elevator and goes to buy cookies, always makes a practice of attending the religious services in the building, and no person who goes conducts himself with more dignity or appears any more devout than this black dog. A few days ago a missionary from China spoke at the morning service. She told about the hard life the children in China lead, how they don't have any day schools and Sunday schools like the children do here where they can be taught how to be good and useful, how the poor little girls have their feet bound up tight so they can never romp and play, how a great many of them are always hungry and when they do have anything to eat it is some cheap coarse food that we in this country would never think of touching.

Max was unusually attentive and reverential during the entire service; he sat with his black ears erect and his black nose between his paws—his customary meeting attitude—evidently much impressed by what was being said. Perhaps he was thinking that he knew just how those poor little Chinese children felt when they were hungry and couldn't get what they wanted to eat. He had been hungry a good many times himself and had to eat bread and gravy when he wanted sirloin steak. Once a particular friend of his brought him a beautiful slice of juicy roast beef and he had to wait twenty-five minutes by the clock before he could have it because his mistress was leading the prayer meeting and he knew it would never do to interrupt her and ask her to give it to him till the last amen had been said, but the minute that meeting was through didn't that black dog—like some people the minute meeting is over—throw all his reverence and dignity to the winds and rush at his mistress and jump on her and bark at her, and tell her in every way that an intelligent dog with Christian Association bringing up could that Mrs. W. had brought him some meat and he couldn't wait one minute longer for it? And he must have remembered, too, how quickly his dear mistress understood and went and did as he asked her to.

I wouldn't wonder if he thought, too, that he could appreciate something of how those poor little girls felt with those cruel tight bandages on their feet, for just a short time before a decree had gone forth from the people who manage the dogs and everything else in Boston to the effect that until further notice no dog in the city could associate with any one outside his own immediate family unless he had a muzzle on. The Christian Association people like to be considered law-abiding citizens, and they had immediately gone to work to obey the law. The stenographer had made muzzles of pink twine for the two little bronze dogs who served as paper weights on her desk, another worker put a pencil mark over the nose of the picture of a dog's head on her calendar, and Max's mistress had gone down town and bought for her doggie the softest, easiest leather muzzle that she could find, but it was a muzzle, and on the day that the Chinese missionary spoke he had it on for the first time. Poor doggie, how he did dislike it and how he did beg and tease and coax to have it off, and I suppose he thought the little Chinese girls' white feet tied up in those bandages felt something the way his black nose did bound up in those straps. Perhaps as he went on thinking about all these things, how bad it felt to be hungry and how perfectly horrid it was to have any part of you strapped up, he began to wonder if he couldn't help those people in some way.

I am not sure that all these thoughts went through Max's brain, for dogs do not always tell all they think, and I have not yet been able to find out that Max ever really told any one what was going on in his mind while the Chinese missionary was speaking, but his mistress has a wonderful ability to read her doggie's thoughts, and when the meeting was over and she stood talking with the missionary and Max stood by her with that dear black nose of his affectionately resting in her hand she said, "Max, wouldn't you like to do something to help those Chinese children?"

Max answered with a joyful bark and a wag of his tail.

Then his mistress turned to the missionary. "What is the best way for him to help?" she asked.

"Why," said the missionary, "he might send one of them to school."

Max's tail wagged more vigorously than ever at that, but his mistress didn't understand yet just how he was going to do it, so the missionary went on and told how the Christian people in America are sending money to build schools for the Chinese children and to hire teachers to teach them to be good boys and girls and to grow up into useful, sensible men and women who will know how to earn money to get plenty of food and clothing and will be too wise to ever do anything as foolish and wicked as to bind up little girls' feet and keep them from growing the way God wants them to. She said each of these schools accommodates about twenty-five scholars and it costs about twenty-five dollars a year to hire the teacher, so they say that any one who wants to send a Chinese child to school for a year can do it by giving a dollar.

Now Max's mistress understood perfectly. "Certainly," she said, "Max would like to send a Chinese child to school, wouldn't you, Max?"

In his own way that his mistress understands Max answered yes.

"And you would be glad to give the dollar, wouldn't you, Max?"

Max said yes again.

"And you will keep on doing it each year as long as you live."

Max agreed and his mistress handed the missionary the dollar, and this is how our Max is sending a little Chinese to school. And as far as we know he is the only dog in all the world who is doing anything of that kind. Of course we are proud of him. We always have been proud of him, but it seems as if now we are prouder than ever.

A Penny Parable.

(The Rev. John Crawford, in the 'Juvenile Missionary Herald'.)

The chief speaker had finished his address. He had told a touching story of the trials and triumphs of God's work in distant lands, and hoped that his earnest words had reached everybody's heart. The hymn was sung, and then the stewards went round to take up the collection.

Afterwards they met in the schoolroom, and found that the plates had come back with a great many pennies on them, given by the children present at the meeting. All these pennies, of course, looked very much alike, but one of the stewards said they differed wonderfully.

"How so?" asked a teacher. "What do you mean?"

"They differ," answered the steward, "because of the different feelings with which they were put into the plate: and then he gave a little history of what had happened as he passed his plate among the classes.

One boy had thought that collections should not be taken at missionary meetings. "When I give," he grumbled, "I want to give without being asked; but as the plate is here, right under my nose, I suppose I must give something. Pity, though, that I can't come to a meeting without being bothered for money," and with that he had thrown his penny in; "but I call that an "iron" penny," said the steward. "It came from a hard iron heart."

Then as the plate passed on it came to another boy. He was laughing and talking at the time with a boy in the seat behind. The plate waited for a second or two, and then his neighbor tapped him on the shoulder. "Here is the plate," he whispered. "Have you anything you wish to give?" "Oh, of

course," said the boy carelessly. "I have my penny, and I'll give it. A penny's nothing. Here goes a penny for the heathen," and as soon as he had tossed it into the plate he at once turned to continue his gossip with the boy behind.

"That boy's penny," said the steward, "I call "tin"!"

The plate went on, and presently reached a boy of another sort. His penny was ready—in fact, he had been holding it between his finger and thumb for some time, in such a way that all his friends would see it. Looking round to make sure that they noticed, he now dropped it in with a self-satisfied air and a loud noise. "A "brass" penny that," said the steward. "Only "brass"!"

"But the next kind that I got was a great deal better," he went on. "It came from a little fellow who had been listening to every word of the address, and whose heart was touched with real pity. As the plate drew near this boy, he turned to his teacher, who sat beside him, and whispered shyly, 'I'm very sorry for the heathen, but I've only a penny to give. How I wish I had more.'"

"And I call that a "silver" penny," said the steward thoughtfully.

"But now I must tell you about the best of all," he continued. "And this was a "golden" penny. As I held out the plate to get it I heard the boy who gave it whisper to his mother, who sat beside him, "I think I love Jesus, and, of course, I know that He wants the poor people in heathen lands to learn how much He loves them. I'll give this penny gladly, and I'd give anything I have if only I knew He wanted it." "Yes," said the steward, "that boy's penny was a golden one."

He Sees.

"The gods will see it." This was the reply of the Greek sculptor charged with the adornment of a temple, when his employers found fault with him for taking so great pains with the carving on the upper surface of the capitals surmounting his pillars.

"Why waste your skill," they asked, "where no human eye can behold its results? Only the birds of the air can rest in such a place."

But the artist cared more for the praise of Heaven than for the plaudits of the crowd.

The Lord of heaven once came into His earthly temple, and found there, instead of worship, the buying and selling that belonged to the market-place. It is no wonder that He burned with fiery indignation, and drove the profane traffickers from the sacred place which they had been defiling with their greedy grasping for gain.

Now, as truly as in days of old, the holy Christ is among those who throng the courts of God's house. If their hearts are filled with vain, selfish, worldly thoughts, He sees all these, and they kindle His righteous wrath. Outward forms and ceremonies count for little with Him. What really matters is in the pure and loving heart.—'Friendly Greetings.'

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